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GREAT TRAIN-R

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 CHAPTER IV.

Some Rather Queer Road Agents.

"You had better come back to the case Miss Cullen," remarked Lord Railes, after a pause.

But she declined to do so, saying she wanted to know what I was going to telegraph; and he left us, for which I wasn't sorry. I told her of the good news I had to send, and she wanted to know if now we would try to catch the road agents, and set her mind at rest on that score.

"I think they'll give us very little trouble,"

"to bag," I added, "for they are so green that it's almost pitiful." "In not cutting the wires?" she asked. "In everything," I replied. "But the worst botch is their waiting till we have passed the Arizona line. If they had held on until we were in the desert they would have been state's prison." "And what will it be now?" "Hanging." "What?" cried Miss Cullen. "In New Mexico train robbing is no capital, but in Arizona it is," I told her. "If you catch them they'll be hung?" she said. "Yes." "What a severe way." "That's the first sign of dawn were beginning to show by this time, and as the sky brightened I told Miss Cullen that I was going to take her to the desert. If she would like, she would walk with me, if not in the way and my assurance was very positive at that point. And here I want to remark that I was not at all afraid if a girl can be up all night in such excitement and still look fresh and pretty, and that she did.

within a half mile of the cars! I had heard of blankets laid down to conceal a trail, or of men lying down, even of leather horse boots with cattle hoof prints, but I had never heard of these could have been used for such a distance, let alone the entire absence of any signs of a place where the horses had been. I had never heard of a train, the report of the men was the same.

"We've ghost road agents to deal with," Mr. Cullen said. "I laughed. 'They come from nowhere nobody, they take nothing, and they disappear without touching the ground.'"

"How curious it is!" she exclaimed. "One day I was in the car, and I saw a man."

"Hold on," I said. "We do have something tangible, for if they disappeared they left their shells behind them." And I pointed to the shells of the mussels that lay on the ground beside the mail car. "My theory of aerial bullets won't do."

"The shells are as hollow as I feel," laughed Miss Cullen.

"Your suggestion reminds me that I am desperately hungry," I said. "Suppose we go back and end the famine."

Most of the passengers had long since returned to their berths, and Mr. Cullen and I returned to the car which had apparently done the same, for 218 showed no signs of life. One of the men was awake, and he broiled a steak and made a fire in the stove in no time, and just as they were ready Albert Cullen appeared, so we made a very jolly little meal.

"Mistake," he told me at length the parable of the Blind Men and an elephant, and made me marvel the more that any of them was alive, for apparently they had jumped off the car without the slightest notice. I was so surprised that I grouped them together, even after they had all returned to themselves by Lord Raffles' shots. Albert then had to confess that he heard the whistles of four bullets unpleasantly close.

"You have a right to be proud," Mr. Cullen said. "You fellows did a tremendous job. I'm proud of you, and, thanks to you, we didn't lose anything."

"But you went to help too, Mr. Gordon," said Miss Cullen.

"That was the color up," he said. "The moment's pasting, I said:—"

"I'm not going to sail under false colors," Mr. Cullen. When I went forward to see if I could find a clue, I found a suspicious whoever had pitched into the robbery was dead, and I expected to be the same in less than ten minutes."

"Then—risk your life," she said.

"Yes," I risked your life," she said. "If you thought it was useless?" she asked.

I laughed, and, though ashamed to tell it, replied, "I didn't want you to think that the shells were a bluff."

She took my confession better than I hoped she would, laughing with me, and then said, "Well, that was courageous, at least."

"Yes," I confessed, "I was frightened into bravery."

"Perhaps if I had known the danger as well as you, they would have been more courageous," she continued; and I could have blessed her for the speech.

While we were still eating, the mail car came. I was so surprised that I made a careful search had failed to discover the three registered letters, and they had even

mentally been taken. This made me feel that I had been deceived. I had been told by the man in the hat that the train would stop at Ash Fork, Arizona, making it improbable that their contents could be of any value. It was possible, I was puzzled then ever.

At sixteen the runner whistled to show he had steamed up. I told one of the brakemen to get the mail. When the train stopped, Cullen was still dressing, but I expressed my regrets through the door that I could not go with him. He said that the Grand Canyon had been completed, and promised to let me tell him that as the stage stop at Ash Fork had been completed, and promised to let him there in case my luck was good. Then he said that he would let me know when he was (for I had nearly forgotten him in the excitement), to find that he was gaining all the time, and preparing even to go to the Grand Canyon. I was very much interested of the party were there, and I begged good-bye to the captain and Albert. Then I turned to Lord Ralles, and holding out my hand said:

"Lord Ralles, I joked a little the other morning about the way you thought our agents ought to be treated. You have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful, and I want to apologize for myself and thank you for the railroad."

"Neither is necessary," he retorted sharply, pretending not to hear my hand.

I never claimed to have a good temper then, and it was all I could do to hold myself in. I turned to Miss Cullen and said:

"I am sure that you thought that this might be our last meeting made me forget even Lord Ralles."

"I hope it isn't good-bye, but only a little revolve," she said. "Whether or no, you must let us see you some time in Chicago so that I may show you how grateful I am to you for the trip. Then, as I stepped down off my platform, she leaned over the rail of 218 and added, in a low voice, "Thank you very much, and added, in a low voice, "Thank you very much, and now I think you are braver."

I turned impulsively, and said, "You would think so, wouldn't you? If you knew the difference I'm making." Then, without looking at her, I gave the signal, the bell rang, and No. 3 pulled off. The last thing I saw was a handkerchief waving off the platform of 218.

When the train dropped out of sight over a grade, I swallowed the lump in my throat and went back to the engine. I wired Coolidge to give the alarm to Fort Wingate, Fort Apache, Fort Thomas, Fort Grant, Fort Huachuca and Fort Huachuca. He thought the precaution a mere waste of energy. Then I sent the brake man up to connect the cut wire.

"You're a fool," he said here, Mr. Gordon," the man called from the top of the pole.

"Surely not!" I exclaimed.

"You are," he responded. "The bullet holes are brand new."

I took in the lay of the land, the embankment, the trees, the way the train had lain. I don't wonder nobody was hit, I exclaimed, "if that's a sample of their shooting."

"You're a fool," he said. "I never expect to be. Dig the bullet out, Douglas, so that we can have a look at them."

Then down in a minute, the train

"Shots," he replied, sentimentally. "The road agents only fired four times," to the surprise of the crowd.

"Them and your pards must have been pretty high together for a minute, then," he said, pointing to the ground.

"That's all right," he said enough, there were six empty cartridge shells. I stood looking blankly at them, hardly able to believe that the train had been robbed, and I had distinctly that the train robbers had fired only four times, and that the last shot had been fired by himself. Then, without speaking, I walked slowly back, searching along the edge of the roadbed for more shells; and I found them, one by one, where the last car had stood, not one did I find. Any man who has fired a Winchester knows that a Winchester will not load, and I could therefore draw only one conclusion—namely, that all seven discharges of the Winchester had occurred before the train had been stopped, and supposing they had fired their guns through hearing another go off; but with a repeater, it is difficult to fire without hearing the shot. The fact was evident that Albert Cullen either had fired his Winchester up by the mail car, or else had not fired it at all. The fact was evident that Albert Cullen and Captain Anderson had backed him up in it.

Continued tomorrow

Second Annual May Ball.

The second annual May ball given by Miss Ida Hayes took place last evening at the Carroll Institute Hall. There were eleven fancy dances and nine songs, and all the participants acquitted themselves well. Two gold medals were given out by the teacher and the principal; the pupils presented the teacher with a beautifully engraved gold medal as a token of their appreciation of her very successful and enjoyable dancing. The dancing commenced at 10 o'clock and lasted until 12. Professor Gee's Orchestra furnished the music.

Policeman Shoots Injured Horse.

Policeman Elgin of the third precinct shot and killed a horse at 17th and H streets northwest this morning about 9:30 o'clock. The animal belonged to Arthur C. Newman of 1306 27th street and had been injured by coming in contact with an iron fence at the automobile entrance to his home and caused it to run away. The horse was attached to a coupe at the time the accident occurred. The driver of the coupe stated the animal's injury was fatal and requested the officer to use his weapon as stated.

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Purcell's
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today than
Is that
true test?
why not
makes
blood!

the activity of the blood-making glands, and it enriches the body with an abundant supply of pure, rich blood.

No matter how powerful the intellect or the resources of intellectual power, it must be backed up by physical force. Every day the youth or man must manufacture a pint of rich, arterial blood, that is pure, stimulating to the brain, and that can rebuild the tissues that were destroyed in yesterday's work.

"I have been a sufferer from indigestion for some thirty years, at times," writes Mr. S. W. Mullenax of Circleville, W. Va., "and have used medicine from several of our best physicians, which gave me only a little temporary relief. They said I could never be cured. Last winter I was stricken with the worst spell that I ever had. I suffered with such severe pains in the pit of my stomach that I could neither work nor sleep, and my weight went down from 195 pounds to 160 pounds in about two months' time. I then concluded that I would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By the time the first bottle was gone I felt some relief from my severe suffering, so continued until I had used four bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am truly thankful for the great benefit which I have received from your medicine, and can cordially recommend it to others."

KNOW YOURSELF.

Read all about yourself, your system, the physiology of life, anatomy, hygiene, simple home cures, etc., in *The Common Sense Medical Adviser*, a book of 1,000 pages. For cloth-bound copy send 31 cents in one-cent stamps, or for paper-covered 21 stamps. Address Dr. R. V.